

Rejecting My Lycan Mate Chapter 5

Madeline's POV

What is my father doing here?

I asked Alpha Jackson.

There was a sharp pain in my chest that was slowly being replaced by anger. I wanted that man gone. I didn't want him here. He made his choice when he left my mom and me 15 years ago. I didn't want him here. I didn't need him.

You recognized him?

Alpha Jackson asked, surprised.

Of course, I did.

I have his eyes,

I mumbled, wiping the tear from my cheek.

And my mom always showed me pictures of him. She wanted me to remember him.

She loved him so much. She loved him even after everything he did to her. He was her fated mate, who lied to her. He promised to mark her, but he never did. He hurt her so much, and I would never forgive him for it.

I looked back at the fire.

I will miss you, mom,

I mumbled quietly.

I hope that you are not in pain anymore.

My voice broke and I stopped to take a deep breath.

I love you,

I continued quietly.

Please watch over me.

I still couldn't believe that my mom was gone. She was the most important person in my life. She was the one who loved me the most. She was the one who always took care of me. I didn't know what I would do without her. I didn't know how to move on.

I am so sorry, Mads,

Ali said quietly as she tightened her arms around me.

I will always be here for you. I will always be your friend. You know that, right?

I nodded, keeping my eyes on the dying flame.

My mom's body was completely gone.

My mom was gone. She was gone and she would never come back.

My heart broke into a million tiny pieces. I wanted to scream and cry. I wanted my mom to come to hug me. I wanted my mom to call me her little Flower and to tell me that everything would be okay.

I sobbed and leaned my head on Ali's shoulder.

Maddie,

I heard a man's voice.

I looked up and saw my father standing a few feet away. A woman with an ugly expression on her face was next to him.

Anger rose inside me, and I had the urge to punch him.

My name is Madeline,

I said as I looked away from him.

Alison, could you give us some privacy, please?

Luna Maria asked my friend quietly.

Of course,

Ali responded before I could say that I wanted her to stay here.

She kissed my cheek and let me go. I watched as she walked toward her parents. Her mom pulled her into a hug and it made me want to cry. I wanted my mom to hug me.

But that wasn't possible anymore. She was gone.

I am sorry for your loss, Madeline,

my father said, making me look back at him.

The anger returned. I wanted to slap that fake sadness off his face.

Why are you here?

I asked, clenching my fists.

You made your choice 15 years ago. My mom wouldn't want you here. I don't want you here.

My dad sighed and glanced at the woman next to him. He took her hand in his and squeezed it.

Who was she?

Your mom called me before she died, honey,

my father said.

She wanted me to take care of you after her death.

My eyes widened and my heart raced. What the hell was he talking about?

I don't need you to take care of me,

I said, trying to stop my voice from shaking.

You haven't been taking care of me for the last 15 years. Why start now?

What did that even mean? How would he take care of me? Would he send me money? I didn't want it. I had two jobs. I would manage somehow. I would sell

my house, pay off the debt and find a smaller place to live in. I already had a plan. I didn't need him.

I know that you are angry, Maddie, but...

my father said, but I interrupted him.

It's Madeline,

I said sternly.

It's not Maddie or honey. It's Madeline.

Your father is trying to be nice,

the woman who was standing next to him spoke.

You could be a little bit more polite.

My eyes widened. I could have sworn that I heard Luna Maria growl quietly.

I wasn't rude. I just didn't want that man to call me by any nickname.

It's okay, Janet,

my father said, keeping his eyes on me.

Madeline has every right to be angry.

I took a deep breath and released it slowly.

I realized that I wasn't even angry at him. He didn't deserve my anger. I was just so sad. I was in pain and all I wanted to do was go back home and curl into my mom's bed. I wanted to breathe in her soothing scent while it was still there. I wanted to pretend that she was holding me. I wanted to cry my eyes out and let the pain wash over me.

I had to keep it together for the last few days and I was so tired of it. I wanted to let go. I wanted to break down.

You are 17 years old, Madeline,

my father said.

You are having some financial trouble. Janet and I are here to help.

I looked at the woman. I seriously doubted that she wanted to help me. The expression on her face told me that she would rather watch me burn next to my mother than help me.

Who is she?

I asked, looking back at my father.

He took a deep breath and looked at the woman next to him.

She is my chosen mate,

he said, making my heart stop.

She was his chosen mate?! He left my mom and me and took this woman as his chosen mate?!

I know that everything is a shock right now, Madeline, but you will have time to get used to it,

my father said, looking back at me.

When you move to our pack, you will...

What?!

I interrupted him.

Move to their pack?! Was he serious?! I wasn't leaving my pack! I wasn't moving anywhere! I wasn't going anywhere with him!

My father took a deep breath and looked at Alpha Jackson.

We are taking you home with us, Madeline,

my father said.

You can't stay here anymore. I know I screwed up 15 years ago, but I am here now, and I will take care of you.

My heart wasn't beating anymore.

He wanted me to go with him?

No.

No freaking way.

I wasn't going to go with him. I was going to find a way to stay with my pack.

I didn't need him. I didn't need anyone.

I was going to be okay on my own.